AROUND THE WORLD

General Grant's Tour in Spain.

A DAY IN TOLEDO.

City of the Roman, the Goth and the Moor.

MONUMENTS OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY

The Cathedral, One of the Noblest Monuments in Spain.

CONTENTED. HONORED. DYING OLD AGE.

TOLEDO, Nov. 18, 1878. Toledo is a graveyard, where are funeral monu nents of all the civilizations of Spain. You walk through its streets with the melancholy interest which death inspires. All is so still and dead and hushed. Clinging to its rocky steep, looking out over the stripped hills of Castile, its turrets seen from afar, it seems to have been forgotton by the world to be a decoration or a gem fastened to the world's bosom, and not a tangible living part of earth. It is on the banks of a river whose waters might carry merchandise to the sea. It has outlook upon a noble valley, and the view from its castle turrets is one of the finest in Spain. It is the centre of a rich district. But Madrid on the one side, and Seville on the other, have drained the currents of its prosperity, and it lies stranded, interesting only bef the memorable events that have been done within its walls. If you seek out its history you must go back to the time of the Hebrews, and learn that when the Jews were driven out of Jeru salem by Nebuchadnezzar, they came to Toledo. I do not vouch for this story. When old Nebuchad nezzar comes in there is always reason for debate. It is as well worth believing as any other. Toledo was in Tarshish. We know the Jews, when driven out by their granivorous conqueror, went anywhere; and no city in Spain, even now, has more Jewish re mains than Toledo. My impression is that if the Jews had settled in Toledo and gone home again, it would have not been simply a legend but the theme of psalms and prophecies, and orthodox churchmen me would be singing how they sat by Tagus stream and hung their harps on the trees and wept It is easy to trace Jewish progress, because the Jewi have had the ear of the civilized world, allowing us to forget nothing that could be preserved in prose or We know that the Goths made Toledo their capital, probably their strongest city. The Moore never regarded it as more than a border city, an outpost. The seat of their empire was kept in Anda lusia. They liked the orange ripening sun. Toledo high up on a mountain ascent, 2,400 feet above th level of the sea, was cold. Grenada was warmer and more preferable. But the Goths coming from snow lands, found Toledo grateful, and here they planned their stronghold. When the Christians came the tock Toledo. This was four centuries before Grenada It was in its splendor the century befor America was discovered. In the thirteenth century was built the great cathedral, and fresh from its sul lime influence I can well understand the monks say ing and the people believing that it so pleased the Virgin that she came down to see it, and brough with her to show them its glory various saintly friends, among them St. Peter and St. Paul.

THE DECAY OF TOLEDO.

If Charles V. had not been morbid in his later years Madrid would never have come into being, and coledo would now be the capital of Spain. But Charles had gout or some such trouble and craved a dry sir, and so pitched upon Madrid, and ordered his capital to be there built. Then Madrid was the exact centre of Spain, and that gave a mathematical reason for the whim. In the early days Madrid wa simply an outpost: no one ever dreamed of living or a plain where nature now and then plays such heart torturing pranks; where summers are too warm and winters too cold; and there is not a monumental stick or stone to recall Spain's pious mediaval past. Toledo had every tie-wealth, population, loyalty, a society in high culture and a ripe and memorable past. But the royal nerves were tender, and so Madrid was conceived and Toledo was doomed. All that remains of her is the past, and you enter her gates with reverent and mournful steps, as you would enter the gates o a graveyard.

A GLIMPSE OF TOLEDO. You climb up a winding road and pass under arche and over mosts and through fortified walls and into the town. This is the road the old knights came and you recall the pictures and the story books-my lady watching from the battlements for her lord and my lord coming, seen from afar, his casque decked with trophics of war, his sword at rest and my lady waving a joyous, streaming, tearful welcome. For my lord has been out to fight the Moors or he comes weary from the unavailing field of Roncesvalles, or like a chivalrous knight he may have been champio ing distress all over Spain, or perhaps he has been to and ridden proudly under this arch, for the days of chivalry were the days of Toledo's fame. Nor would it surprise me to see my old friend Don Quixote sal lying forth with his Mambrino helmet. For Toledo was a place known to Cervantes, and these very walls that look down on us so blindly have often beheld his wise, grave, royal brow. There are no carriages here. There is no traffic. There are no voices in clatter and trade. The streets are so narrow that with outstretched hands you can touch the walls. It is consequently warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Then it was such a protection against the Moor, who found it difficult make his way into the towns with narrow streets It was so friendly and talk inviting to sit at your window or lean over your balcony and chat across the street and up and down the street and be all, as it were, one pleasant family. And as for carriageswhat knight or cavalier ever wanted a carriage? I was effeminate. In those days every gentleman rode on horseback, as your true gentleman should. And that the knockers are very high-so high that no footman could reach them without a ladder. This was for the convenience of the cavaliers, who could make their signals as they sat on horseback, and ac the gates swung open they rode in.

A LEGEND IN PERDINAND'S LIFE. What repose, what quietude! What a tremendo ild make to see a street fight or a fire engine at full run or a shoal of ragged newsboys cry ing the Toledo Herald, with King Ferdinand's grea victory over the Moors. Don't you remember beautiful incident in Ferdinand's life? I do not know how true it is, but it ought to be true, which is about the same thing, talking of matters that happened so long ago. King Ferdinand went out to fight the Moors and won a famous victory—the renowne battle of Toro-and Isabella, his wife, remained at home. To surprise her lord and show what a good she was, and how she prayed for him and thought about him as he the infidels, she called her workmen and said:-"Build me a church, and let it be as beautiful as art can devise and have it ready when my Lord returns." And it was done, and this is the church in which we are now entering, General Grant and the civil authorities and Mr. Reed, the Secretar of Legation, who has come down to Madrid for This is the Church St. John of the Kings, and its chief attraction is the legend I have written.

legend told me in 1873 by my old friend Adolpho. well known to Americans who have visited Spain and who had as many stories and aphorisms a Saucho Panza. Adolpho has given up the dissemination of information to tourists, and is in the whole sale beer trade, and believes in an established goverament and taxpayers going to the front, although when I knew him he was a republican, and

I half suspected had been out on a barricade. The church is a good specimen of what we might call overdone Gothic, odd to see, but not as edifying for prayer. The good Isabella found comfort here, as they show you her oratory, or kneeling place, a niche in the wall, high up, where, with her maids of honor, she came and prayed. They show you the chains with which the Moors bound their Christian captives and martyrs. When the captives came home they hung up these chains as an offering to the Virgin, and here they have been hanging, for how long do you suppose? Why, ever since America was discovered. That seems to have happened so long ago, when looked at from Brooklyn Bridge or the dome of the Capitol; but in gray, crumbling, venerable Toledo, where you step from a civilization two thousand years old to one a thousand as you cross the street, where the wall which you pass was the glory of a Gothic architect and the stones over which you pick your way were laid by the Romans, such an event as the discovery of America is hardly old enough to be interesting. In Toledo it is only news, not history. MEDIEVAL MEMORIES.

I presume the last work Toledo did was to fight the Moors. Then she paused, and, sitting placidly on her Castilian hills, she has rejoiced over that achieve ment ever since and allowed the world to hurry past. This old person who carries the keys-how old he is omehow you feel that he must have been here in Isabella's time, and I am sure if we were to fall into talk he would ask me if I had met any Moors on the way and whether their Catholic Majesties were holding their own in Grenada. This church is the newest thing in the place, and as a modern improvement-as an indication that Toledo holds her own and res estate is looking up-the old man is very proud You see what Toledo can do when she has a mind. Only how much more beautiful it might be if the French had not come and put it under contribution and turned their horses into it as stable. Yes, they came, the ruflians, and hacked away some of the convent walls and carried away much gold and silver. But, praise be to the Virgin whose miraculous intercession never fails, the chains were saved, and there they hang. The gold can be replaced, but the chains never. They encompassed the limbs of saintly men, martyred for the faith, and have ever since been a comfort to believers. It is only by a miracle that they escaped the French, and the memory of their preservation brings tears to believing hearts, to whom St. John of the Kings would b nothing if these relics of medieval martyrdom had been stolen. Is there anything in this revolving world as beautiful as faith?

MONUMENTS TO SAINTS. But we want to see some antiquities-something old. This church-why we would as soon see Tammany Hall-which, if the newspapers are not misinformed, must be more of a ruin than St. John of the Kings. Here, as we pass, is a monument to a saint-Eugenio by name-who was sent here as bishop just 1,813 years ago. This good Eugenio made an errand to France and was murdered. A thousand years later a French archbishop discovered his body and brought the right arm to Spain. And the second Philip, to whom a relic was more than a battle, made interest with Charles IX.-Massacre of Bartholomew Charles-and the whole body was restored to Spain. These precious lines were also miraculously preserved from the French.

THE PATRON SAINT. Or you may trace the remains of a Roman circus oum, where, in imperial days, the gladitors fought. It will require some patience and fancy to realize the circus. More apparent is a church, which was the continuation of a Roman temple, and, having done its duty to the gods, is now the house of God. Here is a monument to St. Lacadia, patroness of Toledo, who died in faith 1,572 years ago. More than three centuries after her death she appeared to comfort a monk who had written a book in defence of the Virgin. She was wrapped in a mantle when she came—an industrial fact in connection with the future life worth remembering. Her body was disovered in 1500, and Philip II., by the exercise of kingly power, had it brought to Toledo, and came, like a Christian king, to receive it in person. Here they rest-saved from the ravenous French. HEBREW MEMORIES.

Or pass on your way to the Jewish synagogue, most interesting monument. Spain in those days was not kind to the Jews. They had teeth and they had money, and as Christian kings needed money there was only one way for Jews to save their teeth. This synagogue is believed to be 700 years old, and although converted into a church, and afterward-by Spaniards, not by French-turned into a barracks, there is enough left to show it was beautiful. There are the remains of another synagogue even more pretentious, built by that good Hebrew, Samuel Levi, who had so much money that Don Pedro tortured him and took his life, and devoted Levi's money to the dissemination of comfort in the mires about these old kings, and which makes you wish you could be a monarch or a monarchist of twelfth or thirteenth century, was their frankness. There were no constitutions no prime ministers, no diplomats to turn your purpose. They were kings by God's grace. God had given them th world to rule and enjoy. All that was belonged to them. And if any unbelieving Jew or Moor had dianonds or gold it was their duty as Christian kings to see that this money was not applied to planting to the glory of God, and especially of those divinely appointed men whom God had given the world as tings. And as I walked through Samuel Levi's synagogue and thought of the shifts and cark and care his noney cost him, and how in the end he had to go to the ack and have his joints wrenched and die in agony, it seemed very hard. But it was the logic of the situa tion, for no true king who respected his faith and his office would be in want while a Jew was in reach and the erunching irons at hand.

A DROWSY LAND How drowsy is the town. What repose! what peace! One might make this a lotus land, and if he could only be accustomed to garlic, dream the hours away. We shift through the narrow streets and pass into a side enclosed yard. Before us is a cloister, over which vines are growing. A group of crooning women ask us to bestow something upon hem, as we hope to have Jesus and Mary with us at the last day. How your true beggar always goes into partnership with the Supreme Being! We turn nto a high Gothic doorway, and from the gloom, through which at first we cannot see, so strong is the light from without, we hear priests chanting a vesper service. The gloom resolves itself into pillars and arches and vases, and around us are kneeling men and women, and capped priests shuffling to and fro. The incense burdens the air and tinted lights come from the windows. This is the Cathedral of Toledo.

THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO. I never weary of a cathedral, and have ofter in the fulness of gratitude thanked the men who found the Gothic form the most suitable for the worship of God. I look back on the cathedrals ! have seen as so many poems-Canterbury, York, each separate, distinct, sublime; but all inspired by the same boly thought. There is no one more beautiful than Toledo's. It is so simple and yet so stately and magnificent. One could not help worshipping God here, tor every line of architecture is inct with worship. It was 266 years between the laying of the first stone by St. Ferdinand and its completion. The year of its completion was the year when America was discovered. They say it was very rich before the French came and levied contributions upon its sacristy. But we have evidence that it is rich to-day. In the days of its glory the bishops of this church were soldiers, and you will learn at Gibraltar how archbishops of Toledo did not fear to go out with axe and sword and smite the Moor. This ooks like the church of warrior priests, and you can well imagine how its walls could be made a fortress strong enough to laugh many a siege to scorn

THE SPIRIT OF THE POURTERNTH CENTURY. But it is not to reverence the soldier priest that w come to so grand a church. Can we forget that Jesus had no higher attribute than peacemaker, that He came to heal and not to wound? And let us be content with the softer aspects of the Cathedral. The expression of cathedrals is about the same. The pest points to note are what peculiarly belong to the church itself. Observe the tomb of Cardinal Mendozs. He was the almost royal condjutor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Here lies Porto Carrero. He was the bishop and Minister under that idiot Charles II., and really governed Spain. You will remember him as a

proud, daring prelate, full of intrigue and craft, to whom Spain owes Philip V., the War of the Suc cession and Europe that long, flerce, Mariborough war. His was the loftiest head of Spain, but it lies here very low, and on his tomb he commanded that there should be no name; simply the sentence, "Here lie ashes." Tombs succeeding tombs, chapels in -six centuries of Spanish history are enshrined. How strange the contrast—this living glorious church, that was the embodiment of the greatness of Spain, that was to be a nation's cathedral, the centre of its power, the exponent of its religious pre-eminence—this vast and breathing church, every line instinct with imperial purpose, should now be in a dead, abandoned town! The only living thing in Toledo is the Cathedral. It lives in the spirit of the fourteenth century. All the rest is

WHERE THE VIRGIN CAME. This smooth stone, worn by the salutations of gen erations of worshippers, is a sacred spot. Here the Virgin came in person, even as she had lived, and her feet pressed this slab, now encased with red marble It was in St. Ildefonso's time, and she came to see this saint. You can see the stone where she alighted and kiss it, as millions have kissed it before you. It seemed a pity that a fountain did not spring up, with healing in its waters, as at Lourdes, and added to the revenues of the town. A good shrine with paying qualities might have saved Toledo. But this was not to be. Here is the rock, which you may kiss, and as for the rest, let us not question too curiously these manifestations of a most holy faith; for nothing is more beautiful than faith in this pitching, teeming

THE TREASURES OF THE CATHEDRAL. The General was shown an accumulation of silver and gold as altar ornaments. They were saved from the French and carried to Cadiz. There was a cross, which was made of gold, brought over by Columbus from the West Indies-the cross that was planted on the towers of Grenada when taken from the Moorsand the sword with which the sixth Alonzo drove the Moors out of Toledo. There is a famous virgin, with pearls and gold upon her dress to ransom a city. In 1868 some robbers came into the sacristy and carried off this virgin. A priest managed to raise an alarm and the blessed image was saved. It is eleven cen turies old. Since the attempted robbery the virgin with all valuable things, is kept guarded, and it was only as a special honor to General Grant that we were allowed to see them. Even then we were admitted into the room with the utmost precaution and attendant priests kept watchful eyes lest the temptation to walk off with a handful of pearls would be too strong There were vestments which we looked at until we grew weary and yearned for the sunshine. Nothing is more grateful than to wander into a cathedral, to lose yourself as it were in its recesses, to study out the old inscriptions, to drink in the inspiration of the pious men who reared it; to think of the eternity it represents, standing for ages-unchanged, unchanging-the temple of the same God, the home of the same undving faith. How the world sinks from you, and you are in the presence of God! Nothing ould be more grateful. But to be shown a cathedral to be handed about by priests and vergers, poking a braid or a bone or a faded cloth at you, mumbling legend after legend in a mechanical, auctioneer fashion—nothing can be more distressing. And it was with something of the spirit of men in flight that we escaped into the grateful air.

PAREWELL TO TOLEDO. Nothing could have been better meant than the at-tentions of our friends the priests, who opened every treasure and showered us with the blessings of every relic. Toledo is not to be seen in a day or in a pro cession, as you see an agricultural show. The interest of the town is in her repose, her illustrious past Toledo is a legend in stone. She has no relation to this age. She is the remnant of a city that was glorious in the days of Columbus. And yet her de cay is not distressing. There is no gloom about the town, no misery, no gaping sources of poverty and and she sits on her hillside in cheerful, contented old age, thinking of the days when kings came to her lap and princes did her bidding—thinking of the Roman and the Goth, the Moor and the Christian They have all bowed down to her and worshipped her. Why should she care for the world of Jovella; and Martinez-Campos? God forbid! There were knights in her day, knights and warriors, who brought her gold from the Indies, and precious woods from Lebanon, and trophies of knightly prowess from the Holy Sepulchre. Let this sordid world rage and sputter. Serene Toledo sits, serene on her hillside, beautiful in her years and decrepitude, contenwith the glory she has known, disdaining this world of commerce and uproar that rolls in the far distance. Thus she seemed to us as we whirled away in an evening train. The long rays of the setting sun slanted and flashed from her towers, typifying the splendor that once rested on her castled walls-a in our modern civilization.

COUNT VON ARNIM'S SENSATION.

HIS LAST BOOK, AND ITS RADICAL OPINIONS ON GERMANY'S RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS,

Paris, Dec. 27, 1878. A new political brochure by Comte Henry von Arnin is always an event, and his last publication in this form, entitled "Quid Faciamus Nos," yields in no degree in novelty and interest to the preceding ones. In his previous pamphlet, 'La Nonce he confined himself to criticisms on the policy pursued by M. de Bismarck in the Kullurkampf. In his last he develops the system which, according to him, should have been immediately applied after the proclamation of the dogma of Papal infallibility in order to regulate the relations of the Church with the State. This system is presented at the end of the pamphlet, in the form of a proposed law, of which the following are the first two disposi-

tions:—

Pirst—The old Roman Catholic Church, in consequence of the Vatican constitution, Pater Eternus, decreed by the Pope and accepted by the Prussian bishops, has ceased to exist. All the ecclesiastical estates return to the State.

Second—The State recognizes the Church governed by the Roman bishop as a new religious society, founded on a fresh juridical basis. It insures to it the weafrest and administration of the estates and appropriations furnished by the State and which the old Church enjoyed.

In other words, Comte von Arnim thinks that by putting a legal end to the old Church and coming a once to a rupture with Rome the independence of the German prelacy will be secured and the true interests of religion subserved. I need not tell you that thi pamphlet is raising a storm among the ultramontane

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNIONS.

A very large meeting of the German compositor employed in the various newspaper and job printing offices in the city was held yesterday afternoon in offices in the city was held yesterlay afternoon in Hubner's Hotel, No. 27 Bowery. As president of the German Typographical Union No. 7 Mr. Hugo Kessler occupied the chair, and Mr. Jean Weil acted as secretary. The meeting was called for the purpose of devising means to induce all German printers not members of the organization to join it and to lessen the hours of labor by such a perfect proportion that the bulk of the unemployed German printers could obtain a fair amount of work. Mr. Hauer. Mr. Stollger and others made speeches praising the character of the movement. On motion of Mr. Bauer a committee of five members were appointed to frame a plan for the equalization of the German printing in the city and to form a "chapel" in each office. The committee as appointed by the chair consisted of Messrs. Neitzel, Seitz, Danzinger, Mueller and Zilz. A resolution was adopted condemning any further reduction from the present scale of prices—viz., forty-six cents per 1,000 ems for night work and forty cents ber 1,000 ems for day work. The meeting then adjourned.

Typographical Union No. 6, the American branch, has contributed \$500 toward the relief of the compositors who refused to accept the reduced wages offered them by the managers of the New York World.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

John J. Hines is a patent medicine pedler who has been doing business in Newark for some time past. On Saturday night he started to go to Treuten, On Saturday night he started to go to Trenten, bought his ticket and checked his baggage, but missing the train at midnight he purposed taking the newspaper train at four o'clock yesterday morning. Meanwhile he fell into the company of Michael Conway, a bartender of Jefferson street, and took several drinks with him and a third party, a friend of Conway. About four o'clock, as Himes alleges, and when the party were at the corner of Lawrence and Hamilton streets, Conway and his friend fell upon Himes and rifled his peckets. Hines declares that Conway said, "H you holler I'll put a hole through you." Conway was subsequently arrested and all Hines' property found on him except his gold watch. Conway is now locked up to await examination and Hines is held as a witness.

PARISIAN HOTELS.

HOW THEY CONTRAST WITH THE AMERICAN CARAVANSERIES -- A WORD OR TWO ABOUT THE BEST OF THEM. PARIS, Dec. 30, 1878.

he was accustomed to tell the nationalities of his quests by their breakfasts, and that he was never puzzied but once, when he received an order to send up at nine A. M. "a pack of cards, a bottle of whis key and a paper of chewing tobacco." After a few minutes' reflection he came to the conclusion that his guest was either an American or the devil. No doubt the geutieman who gave the order was as much astonished as the landlord when he found that these simple necessaries of life were unobtainable, and that he must either breakfast upon coffee and rolls or no at all. Perhaps it was he who then and there in vented the aphorism, "Show me a nation's hotel and I will tell you its habits." At any rate the observation will hold true, for though hotels are hotels all the world over, from Dan to Beersheba, yet the contrast between a crack hotel in New York or Chicago and a crack hotel in Paris is in some respects startling. Drop an American hotel into Paris and all the population would come to stare and laugh at it. They would be struck with amazement at its marble steps and portico populated by loungers engaged in masticating tooth picks and staring at passing ladies; at the hote 'clerk' resplendent in well oiled curls and diamond breastpin; at the bar sur gorgeous by men pouring down spirits upon what Dickens called the "per pendicular system;" at the nine o'clock breakfasts of steak and potatoes and buckwheat cakes; at the dinner, composed of innumerable dishes, arrayed all at once in military order before the guest; at the hubbub and the noise. And on the other hand, probably the Paris house of the same class would create equal imusement and astonishment in New York. People accustomed to the ways of the Fifth Avenue Hotel or the St. Nicholas would laugh at the unimposing entrance and the little paved courtyard of the Paris hotel; at the concierge who stands sentinel at the door; at the Louis XV, furniture and gilt clocks that never go; at the old-fashioned candles and candlesticks; at the open fireplaces and wood fires; at the garçons and the white-capped femmes de chambre and at the absence of all that noise and bustle which are so familiar and so dear to them. Both systems have their good points, but I think the Parisians have the best of it. They may not boast so many "modern conveniences," but they are spared the painful sensation of living by machinery. Of good hotels-that is, hotels of the first rank-in

Paris there are many. The oldest and most exclusive is the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. From the time that Louis XIV. built this famous square which was named after his natural son, the Duc do Vendôme, it has been a habitation of aristrocats, falling off a trifle in later days, perhaps, in favor of the Quartier St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré, but very aristocratic yet and very quiet in spite of its central location. This Hotel Bristol was founded in 1815, and passed afterward into the hands of a dependent of the Marquis of Bristol, by whom it was named in honor of that family, and immediately became a favorite with English travellers of the more fashionable class. After the Prince of Wales had finished his tour in America his courier, Bachmeyer by name, ame to Paris and was made proprietor of the Bristol Ever since then the Prince and other members of the royal family of England have made this house their home when in Paris. In 1867 the present pro prietor, Mr. Gustave Morloch, took it in charge after ten years' experience at the Hotel Westminster, and he has made it the most successful hotel in France Among his regular patrons are the Prince and Prin cess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, the Empress of Austria, the King and Queen of Belgium, the King and Queen of Portugal, the Viceroy of Egypt and a number of the German princes. Among New Yorkers who stay at this house when in Paris are such well known families as the Astors, Stewarts and Posts. The house accommodates about one hundred and forty guests, and the prices range from six or seven francs a day for a single edroom up to any price you like for a suit of apartments.

More pretentious, but less esteemed than the Bristol, is the Grand Hotel, situated upon the Boulevard des Capucines, close by the Grand Opera House Here the Shah of Persia stopped during his visit to the Exposition. Rooms can be had at five france a day and upward, and there is a fair table d'hôte every evening at six o'clock for six francs.

For a brand new hotel the Continental is, perhaps the best known of any in Paris. It was built by company of capitalists composed principally of hotel proprietors, who bought the site at the corne of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Castiglione, opposite the Tuileries Gardens. It was magnificently rnished and cost its projectors when completed up ward of 18,000,000 francs. Like the Grand Hotel, it is very large, having more than four hundred rooms. At the close of the Exhibition it was sold by its owners to a second company, and subsequently rented to the original proprietors for 900,000 francs per annum. It is now well filled and doing a good business. There is an excellent table d'hôte at seven francs per head, and rooms can be had from five francs day upward.

Going back again from the hotels of the Grand and and Continental class to the more staid and aristocratic houses of the Bristol type. There are the Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli, a well managed and quiet place with table d'hôte and accommodation for about two hundred persons, at prices ranging from five or six francs for top single rooms up to high figures for apartments en suite; the Liverpool, in the Rue Castiglione, at which General Grant and wife are now stopping; the Westminster, in the Rue de la Paix, where Governor Tilden stopped when in Paris; the Chatham, in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin: the Vendome, in the Place Vendôme, just out of the square, and the Hotel du Rhin, also in the Place Ver mon a corner opposite that of the Bristol.

At the head of another class, less expensive, but very good, is the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, in the Rue St Honoré, not far from the Place Vendôme. Re port has it that the proprietors of this house cleared 200,000 net profit last year, and their gains during the Exhibition season were proportionately greater There are rooms for 250 people, and the prices range from four francs a day upward, with a good table of his at five francs. Of this same rank are also the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue Castiglione; Hotel Splendide, at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and Avenu de l'Opera, next door to the HERALD office; Hotel Malesherbus, in the Boulevard Malesherbus, and the Hotel Castiglione, in the street of that name. It is a curious fact that all the botels named in this letter are situated within a circle less than half a mile in diameter, and that they comprise but a fraction of the world of hotels that flourish inside the limits of the city of Paris.

WHISKEY, YOU'RE A DIVIL!

Mr. Nicholas O'Connor, of Yorkville, a venerable ppearing gentleman wearing gold spectacles and good clothes, on Saturday night stepped into an Eighth avenue car, and when the conductor asked for has fare began an argument in regard to the merits of the elevated over the surface railroad. The conductor ntimated he would take the money first and hear th oration afterward, but Mr. O'Connor took a wholly opposite view, and was consequently ejected from the This last move angered him, and the car was moving of he aimed a blow at the conductor's head with a silk umbrella. The conductor escaped, but Officer Dennis McClave, happening to pass directly under the umbrella, re-ceived the stroke on his own pate. This made the officer mad, and taking Mr. O'Connor by the collar he invited him to spend the night in the 100th street station house. Mr. O'Connor evinced his discount at omeer nast, and taking air. O'connor by the colinal he invited him to spend the night in the 100th street station house. Mr. O'Connor evinced his disgust at the proposition by making a variety of noises with his mouth and acting in a very turbulent manner. He appeared with the officer yesterday in the Harlem Police Court. You were intoxicated last night, Mr. O'Connor?'

oquired Judge Bixby.

"Well, ves. Judge; 1——"
"And struck the officer?"
"Impossible, Judge, impossible."
"Fined \$10."

"Ten dollars or ten days."
"Haven't a dollar, Judge."
Mr. O'Connor was passed down stairs.

DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

Gloom in All Circles—An Ominous · Question in Parliament. It is related of a certain French hotel keeper that

LONDON IN ICE, FOG AND SNOW.

STORIES OF DISTRESS

Want and Misery in Provinces.

LORD, LORD, HAVE MERCY!"

LONDON, Dec. 22, 1878. Christmas dawns upon a gloomy England. You ead the newspapers and learn that in Afghanistan there has been a glorious victory; that all-conquering England has again conquered; that the Ameer is in light; that, notwithstanding the menacing words of the Cabinet to the effect that there was not room nough in Afghanistan for Russia and England, Russia has withdrawn her mission from Cabul, and that, in spite of triumphs continuous to England and numiliating to Russia, the relations between the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg are on a basis of "friendship and reciprocal confidence." It would be hard to recite a list of triumphs more gratifying than these achievements of the Beaconsfield govern nent. And yet there is no joy in England. The notes of victory fall on cold and unresponding ears. The journals have little to sav about it. The Telegraph, which has generally led the chorus of exultation over every achievement of the Ministry, is tame The News hopes that nothing will be done to injure the good name of England as an honest and fair nation. The Standard worries over the methods in which Turkey will pay her war indemnity. One would think that, amid so much glory and so many successes. England would be affame with loyal er husiasm, flags would float from every tower, that the bells would ring and bonfires blaze from Dover to Berwick, as when the Armada came to the coasts of Devon. But the only voice you hear in England is the voice of sorrow and distress. People cry for bread.

GLOOM PERVADING ALL CIRCLES This will be a sorrowful Christmas in palace and cottage. A mighty grief has fallen upon the royal hearthstone, and it doubles in intensity because it rings with it the memory of agrief that came seventeen years ago. There is a good deal of exaggeration and sentimentality in the public opinion of England toward the royal house. You read the newspapers and feel that royalty moves in an atmosphere of love and adoration. You go into society, no matter of what class, and you cannot take part in an hour's conversation without hearing some scandal in reference to a high placed royal per-England the press is so well drilled, and is so much under the influence of social hopes and attractions, that it does not represent real opinion. Consequently, when a prince dies, or marries, or falls ill and recovers and goes in proces ion to return thanks for recovery, there is an amount of gush in the newspapers-in all classes of news papers-which misleads the outsider. The other day peer in Parliament referred to the illness of the Prince of Wales in 1873, saying that the hopes of England seemed to rest at his bedside. Yet every one nows that if the Prince had died it would have been the loss of an amiable and accomplished member of English society, but England would have gone on without a jar. This peer was only paying a compliment in an exaggerated way, for, in fact, all language ddressed to royal ears is exaggeration. The grief over the death of the Princess Alice must not be understood with all the rhetoric of the press and Par liament. Englishmen sympathize with the Que'n, a nother who has lost a day ghter. Princess Alice was German, and had not for years been in English society. An England had grown up which knew her not and to whom her absence is not that of a friend, but only the daughter of a friend. In the palace her loss will be felt. In the country it has already been forgotten, except as a sad incident in this season of AN OMINOUS QUESTION.

It is not because the Princess Alice has died that England is in sorrow. The people want bread. What are victories in Afghanistan to men who are starving in Bethnal Green? One of the most effective points made against the government by the opposition was had forgotten to mention the universal distress. All that Lord Beaconsfield could say was that, of course Her Majesty and the Cabinet and the members of Parliament on both sides felt keenly the distress, but that as Parliament had been summoned to discuss only one subject the Queen's speech was naturally confined to that subject. But the distress was con ceded; and a few nights later a member of Parliament in sympathy with the Ministry addressed a question to the Home Secretary, such a question as has rarely been answered in a House of Commons, "I would like to ask," said the honorable member, "whether the Home Secerctary can correct or corroborate th report that we are almost face to face with such a risis of distress as this generation has never known. a distress affecting even the metropolis, but oper ating even with greater intensity in the cotton, coal and iron districts?" I do not think the records of Parliament show a more suggestive ques tion. The answer was not a denial, but a reassurance. Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, referred to two forms of misery—the first, what he called "general commercial distress; the second, the usual distress which one always sees among the poor of great cities and which an English statesman is not ashamed to recogtion. Lord Beaconsfield said, in so many words, that the only hope of better times was in the hope of returning prosperity in the United States expressed by President Hayes in his Message to Congress. I won-der if friends at home saw the exact meaning of that observation. You will remember that Mr. Gladstone, in his article on "Kin Boyond the Sea," expressed his belief that the time was coming when America would surpass England, as England had surpassed Genoa, Holland and Venice, and that even now the United States were going by Great Britain on a canter. Lord Beaconsfield in a speech, and many of his supporters in speeches and newspaper articles, took ex ception to this admission as an unworthy concession to American pride, as an unpatriotic reflection upon his own country. Here you see that even Lord Beaconsfield makes even a stronger admission than Mr. Gladstone. The second expresses a fear that America will surpass England. The first admits that she has so far surpassed the mother country that prosperity can only return with returning prosperity

Even nature is in mutiny. This is the coldest season that has been known in England for sixteen years. In 1862, the winter of our own terrible war, the cold was as severe as now. How cold it is Banks of snow line the highways. The poor horses slip and stumble, their drivers not having learned the arts by which our horsemen at home defy the snow. The Princess Louise, locked up in her Canada palace, spending her first Christmas away from home (and a sad Christmas it will be, poor lady, with all these memories from Hesse Darmstadt) need not envy her cosey quarters in Kensington Palace. I walked through Kensington yesterday morning. The cold winds came blowing down from Campden Hill. The Argyll home looked bleak and desolate, the poor Duke trying to find sunshine and comfort in Cannes. The old palace—you remember t was the pulace of William III., and where Colone Esmond, in Thackeray's novel, made his gallant effort to restore the Stuarts-could hardly be seen brough the fog. It was high noon and the lamps in the street were burning. Shivering sentinels stamped their feet and tried to extract warmth from the ground as they waiked from post to post. All over London was deep gloom, and during the whole day the fog enclosed the city and the frost locked the ground. The fog would be nothing, and there would be little omen in the frost if over all England there were not this deeper gloom, which no news of Afghan

victories can disperse. As you go into hotels and public places you see boxes for collecting charity for the poor. Well, the English are a rich people and generous, and will make a noble effort to dissipate this misery. But what can any private enterprise, however brave, do to meet a calamity which has fallen on the whole people and the extent of which is so alarming that even statesmen in Parliament stand aghast and look for nelp from over the sea and find comfort in the words of a President's Message? Can any fact indicate more strongly the relations between the two countries, which never grew so strong as in their hours of trial? Sixteen years ago, when this last frost fell on England there was unusual pros-perity here. It came from our war. All the channels wealth was rushing into English markets, our commercial supremacy was giving way to England, eager to find her opportunity in our calamity and her prosperity in our rum. STORIES OF DISTRESS.

How changed! And if we cared to point a moral

what a lesson it would be! But looking out on these cold streets, seeing London under her canopies of fog and snow, ing at every corner some abject, pitiful creature craving bread, and hearing in every moaning winter wind the voice of sorrow and want, one cannot have the heart to remember anything but the grief of England, or to wish for anything but abundant mercy. Is it not written that they who are strong should not boast of their strength, lest the hour of calamity should come? You read the newspapers, and in every column is some note of sorrow. On Saturday, in Birdeage Walk, a woman fell on the ground and died at once. She was starving; her son had had no work for five months; there were three children and nothing for them to cat. Walk is in St. James Park and is one of the historical spots in London. It is the centre of a rich and populous section, under the shadow of ducal mansions, within a few moments walk of the Queen's palace. Here English mothers fall and die of hunger. The Midland Railway announces that it will reduce the wages of its employés a shilling a week. The Midland Railway can build hotels which the munificence of Fisk could not equal. It cannot pay its laborers That shilling a week will come out of many a poor soul's Christmas dinner. In Wolverhampton a mechanic, thirty-five years of age, tried to cut his throat. His wife had just brought him a baby. He had no work, no food. Suicide was the welcome he gave his newborn child. A laborer named King s arrested for stealing a fragment of cheese. In the police court he told his story. He had been out of employment six weeks: had applied for aid at the workhouse; had even asked a policeman to lock him up that he might obtain a night's lodging. He was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. In the Gloster Wagon Works the men are reduced four shillings a week and compelled to work ten hours a day. In Burnley the workhouse is full, and the applications for relief have increased fifty per cent. In the Berwick country people attack butchers' wagons and vans carrying provisions to obtain food. Houses have been entered for the same purpose. Think of burglars breaking into houses for bread! In Wolverhampton the other day the number of applications for pauper relief were two-thirds in excess of ordinary times-over fifteen hundred of an increase in one week. "The great majority of these," says the journal from which I am quoting, "were able-bodied men, who said they had been out of work for many weeks, and their wives and children were starving at home." In Marylebone district, a few minutes' walk from the Langham Hotel, near the great estates of the Russells, the Grosvenors and the Cecils, William Sullivan died the other day. The doctor said at the inquest that the cause of death was starvation. William was the son of a laborer, and his father could not earn food for him. The coroner who sat at the inquest was a practical man. He advised the father and the mother to apply to the workhouse and get some food, else they would not be able to do any DISTRESS IN THE PROVINCES.

This story comes from all over England. In Manhester times are worse than during the cotton famine. The distress of the laborer means distress in other circles. If poor men cannot buy articles small shopkeepers cannot sell them, and so trade is at an end. All the money goes for food, and the manifold industries outside of the sale of food are at standstill. As for luxuries, such as books, the trade is dead. A book dealer told me the other day that his trade was at an end. Of course, it, people will not buy books, publishers will not make them, and the printers suffer. So the circle of distress goes around and around. Men and women of energy and benevolence are doing all in their power to remedy the suffering. The Queen has sent \$1,000 to one fund. Here is the official manner of announcing her charity:-"The Queen, notwithstanding the deep sorrow which has fallen upon her, has noticed your appeal in behalf of the suffering poor of London, and has commanded me to send the enclose check as Her Majesty's contribution for alleviating distress in the metropolis." The Queen, God bless her! How she never ceases to think of her subjects! But if she gave a whole year's salary as Queen and lived on her income it would not be too large a con-

"LORD, LORD HAVE MERCY." In the meantime we hear strange voices, talking as you have not heard Englishmen talk, in this generation, at least. Here are some lines of verse that I clip from a radical paper. The capitals are as I find

The Curse of God sweeps o'er the land

The Curse of God sweeps o'er the land, Lord, Lord, have mercy!
We die, and feel no helping hand, Oh, Lord, have mercy!
Famine and horror, plague and blight, Oh, Lord, have mercy!
Enwrap us, as in triple night, Lord, Lord, have mercy!
The great are throned on seats of Gold, Lord, Lord, have mercy!
The starving Poor are bought and sold, Lord, Lord, have mercy!
The starving Poor are bought and sold,
Oh, Lord, have mercy!
The swollen rich oppress and slay,
Oh, Lord, have mercy!
While Millions curse the light of Day,
Lord, Lord, have mercy!
The Mothers weep in want and woe;
Lord, Lord, have mercy!
The new born Babe brings joy no more,
Oh, Lord, have mercy!
Disease, Starvation, Crime and Fraud,
Oh, Lord, have mercy!
Bear on their wings thy curse, oh God,
Lord, Lord, have mercy!

REVOLUTION !!! This is a voice in poetry. I know these lines are ncendiary" and are not taken from a very respecta ble paper; but they are one of the voices you hear now in England. Here is another voice in prose, the capitals being also as I find them :- "These arrests." referring to what Bismarck is doing to save society. will end in no result advantageous to the Despotisms; though for a time, no doubt, it will seem to do so. REVOLUTION in Europe is growing stronger and stronger every day. The millions are gradually brought to such a state of slavery and starvation that it is impossible to endure this sad condition!

"Revolution," and in capital letters too! Is that not an ominous word to be heard in England, and at a time when her flag has won new glories in far India. and when the nation's heart should throb not only with patriotic fervor, but with all the blessed memories of this hallowed and gracious time? Yes, truly. if folks only had bread for themselves and for their

MASONIC MUTUAL RELIEF.

According to the annual report of the Masonic Mutual Relief Association of Brooklyn, which was rep dered at a meeting of that organization last Saturday night, the total membership on January 1 was 1,225, There were thirty-eight deaths during the year. The amount disbursed was \$17,781 25, and the balance in bank is \$4,984 96. The officers chosen by the direcbank is \$4,984 96. The officers chosen by the directors for the current year are:—President, J. B. Burnett: Vice President, Benjamin Lewis; Treasurer, A. H. Osborne; Secretary, George N. Anderson; Trustees, John M. Riley, Lester W. Beasely; Auditing Committee, Harris, Buckley and Gribben.

THIRD AVENUE CAR ROBBERY.

After the precinct prisoners had all been disposed of in the Essex Market Court yesterday morning the case of Michael Jobin, of Mount Vernon, who was robbed of \$200 last Saturday, at noon, while in s robbed of \$200 last Saturday, at noon, while in a Third avenue car, was brought up before Judge Murray for a second hearing. The counsel for the defence cross-questioned Mr. Jobin, but failed to break his testimony. The two prisoners Timothy Clark and James Moran, were questioned by His Honor as to whether they had given their real names. The latter prisoner admitted that his proper name was Oaks. The object of their counsel seemed to be to get the bail of \$5,000 each reduced, but he failed, and the prisoners were taken back to jail.